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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1803.

MR. M'DOWELL,

You will much oblige a number of your readers without offending any one, by giving the following communication, which recently appeared in a New-York paper, a place in your Hive. BILLY.

GENERIC NAMES.

FOR THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE portion of terraqueous globe comprehended by the great Lakes, the Saint Lawrence, the Ocean and the Mississippi, has no general denomination by which it can be conveniently distinguished in geography. Its subdivisions and local names are appropriate enough and sufficiently well understood. But there is still wanting one broad and universal appellation, to designate and characterize the whole appropriated and unappropriated territory of the United States.

It was a great oversight in the Convention of 1787, that they did not give a name to the country for which they devised a frame of government. Its citizens are suffering every day for lack of such a generic term. Destitute of a name for their own soil and region, they express themselves vaguely and awkardly on the subject. By some it is termed "United States;" this however is a *political*, and not a *geographical* title. By others it is called "America," and the inhabitants "Americans." But these epithets equally belong to Labrador and Paraguay and their natives. "New-England" and "New-Englanders" are too uncouth terms applied by certain other writers and speakers. In some parts of Europe, we have been distinguished as Anglo-Americans;" and this appellation is in some respects worse, and in no respect better than either of the others.

What are we to do? Are we never to have a geographical distinction? Is the land to be forever called "United States," and its people "United States-men?" And even then, on a supposition that the union should cease, must the region it occupies be nameless?

It is in the power of the people to find and adopt fitting names for their country and themselves, by common consent.—These ought to be expressive, concise, nervous, poetical. And any new word possessing these qualities, may serve to designate *this part of the planet we inhabit*—From such a word as a radical term, all others proper for distinguishing the people, &c. may be derived.

To supply this sad deficiency in our geographical and national nomenclature, the following project is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our map-makers, engravers, printers, legislators, and men of letters. The authors of it are citizens of the United States, and are zealous for their prosperity, honour, and reputation. They wish them to possess a name among the nations of the earth. They lament that hitherto and at present the country is destitute of one.

Let the extent of land ceded to our nation by the treaty of 1783, be distinguished henceforward on charts, globes, and in elementary books by the name of

FREDON:

the etymology of this is obvious and agreeable: it may mean a *free-gift* or any *thing done freely*; or *the land of free privileges and doings*. This is the proper term to be employed in all grave, solemn, and prose compositions and in ordinary conversation. It is better adapted than "Albion" is to England.

If, however, any of the favorites of the Muses desire a poetical name for this tract of earth, it is easy to supply them with one which sounds and pronounces to great advantage. Such an one is

FREDONIA:

which will meet the ear more excellently than Italia, Galia, Parthia, Hispania, Germania, or even Britania itself.—America and Columbia will retain their present signification of extending to the whole Western hemisphere.

The Citizens and inhabitants of the United States when spoken of generally, without any particular state, may be known and distinguished as

FREDONIANS.

And that such a person being asked in Europe or any other part of the world, from what country he comes or to what nation he belongs may correctly and precisely answer that he is a FREDONIAN. And this will meet the ear much more nobly than "a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Portuguese," "a Turk" and the like.

Again a monysyllable name is perfectly easy to be obtained from the same root; and to him who thinks the last word too long or lofty, it will be wholly at his option to call himself

FREDE;

and in this respect he will put himself on a par with a "Mede" and a Swede."

Moreover, should an adjective be desired to qualify expressions and faciliate discourse, there is such a thing immediately ready for use in

FREDISH;

and thereby, we can speak of "a Fredish ship," or a "Fredish man," or a Fredish manufacture or production, after the same manner and according to the same rule, by which we employ the adjectives, *British*, *Spanish*, *Danish*, *Turkish*, and the like.

Thus our nation is in possession of a *prosaic* word for its whole territory, FREDON; a *poetical* word for the same, FREDONIA; a *grave and sonorous* generic title for its people, property, and relations, FREDONIAN; a *short and colloquial appellation* FREDE; and a convenient universal epithet, FREDISH. A language so rich and copious is scarcely to be found; and it is hoped our citizens will make the most of it.

In case any of our countrymen should wish to express himself according to this novel dialect, the following is offered as an example, alluding to a recent subject of public discussion.

"It has been a favourite object with a certain class of men to involve FREDON in a war with Spain, France or both of them, about the right of deposit on the Mississippi. The outrageous conduct of the intendant at New-Orleans was indeed very provoking, but the FREDONIAN SPIRIT, though roused by just indignation, was too temperate and magnanimous to rush immediately to arms. It was thought most wise and politic for the administration to attempt a negociation in the first instance, and accordingly, one of the FREDISH ships was ordered to be got in readiness to carry an envoy extraordinary

from America to Europe. Should war become necessary for the national honour and security, our public enemies will find to their sorrow, that the FREDES will make brave soldiers and gallant sailors.—Never will they quit the hardy contest until their deeds shall be worthy of being recorded in immortal verse, equally honourable to the bards and the heroes of FREDONIA."

The radical word is also well adapted to songs and rhymes. And this is a great convenience and felicity in a national point of view. Observe, Mr. Editor, how prettily our poets can make it jingle; for instance, if the subject is warlike, then

" Their Chiefs, to glory lead on
" The noble sons of FREDON."

Or if it is moral sublimity,

" Nor Plato, in his PHAEDON
" Excels the sage of FREDON."

Should it be commercial activity,

" All Nations have agreed on
" The Enterprize of FREDON."

Perhaps then it may refer to our exports; why then

" The Portuguese may deel on
" The wheat and maize of FREDON."

It may be desirable to celebrate our agriculture, as in the following distich,

" No land so good as FREDON
" To scatter grain and seed on."

On the supposition that a swain wishes to compliment his country-women, he may inform them that

" The graceful Nymphs of FREDON
" Surpass all Belles we read on."

And indeed if it is his desire to ejaculate it in a serious strain, it may be written

" In this fair land of FREDON
" May right and justice be done."

We give these as samples of what may be accomplshed in this way, adding that the poet may easily contrast his country with SWEDEN, or to compare it to EDEN, if he is puzzled for a rhyme.

On the whole, Mr. Editor, we recommend these words to the serious consideration and speedy adoption of our fellow-citizens; that our common and beloved portion of the earth, may thereby acquire a NAME, and be famous among the NATIONS. M.

—⊙—

FOR THE HIVE.

To MISS SALLY HEEDLESS.

I read your trumpery just with as much pleasure as pain—that is to say—It was altogether indifferent. You must know I am none of your pining, sympathyzing creatures; I am one of your *Bloods* of the day; and you might as well tell me to look into the Atlantic for night-owls, as attempt to persuade me that *money* is not the beauty of a wife.—Indeed, by doing the first, my *deep* researches might entitle me to the name of modern philosopher, but by believing the latter, my sad credulity might dub me f—l.—Pericles, it is said by his biographer, was so eloquent, that if thrown in wrestling by his antagonist, he was able to persuade him, that he (Pericles) was uppermost—now if you have his persuasive powers, perhaps you may succeed in convincing me, that a lady without money, is not without charms. I always hold a thousand pounds as a charm, and she that has but thirty charms, may expect to draw the attention of a first rate beau—Ex. Gra. myself.

You speak of distress—Psha—A pretty sight, to see a young *Blood*, acquainted with the fashionable world, who has all the witty sayings of the coxcomb herd by rote, united to an innocent damsel, that has no more money than himself—What would the poor devil do?—supposing he can carry a large cudgel, wear his hat to advantage, say, to an old acquaintance when he meets him in the street, " I owe you one"—" That's your sorts"—" Dam, my wig"—" I do that by proxy"—" Look what a whale"—Or raise an obscure glass to look at his next-door neighbour,—Or even supposing he can drink three bottles of wine at a sitting, or make a canon, and hole the red ball, and beat his antagonist, though he gave him five odds—Or supposing he can purchase a silver ticket for the theatre,—look from a side box with a gold bound opera glass—Stare a lady out of countenance in the street, and talk her out of her senses in the house—I say, what will all these exploits avail him—Little value is to be extracted from such ore—The poor wife might starve, unless she would persuade him to pawn his opera glass to a baker.—Now I again ask you, " what would the poor devil do?"—Starve?—No doubt your overflowing heart of pity, would answer yes—But I say no—His fine qualities entitle him to a lady of fortune—If she be acquainted with his own business, he will move his quarters where no person knows him. Drive *tandem* upon tick, and fill his pocket upon credit—Strike bold for a rich wife, and pay his debts honorably.

HARRY HIGHFLYER.

—

MISS SALLY,

I read the above letter of my friend Harry, and as I have a great regard for you, I would advise you to beware of these creatures called, *Bloods or Beaus*—As Plato defined man to be a two legged animal with reason—I define a *Blood or Beau* to be a two legged animal without reason.

Your ever affectionate and watchful
TOM CARELESS.

—⊙—

To the Editor of The Hive.

SIR,

If the following enquiry be not inconsistent with the plan of THE HIVE, you will oblige a subscriber by giving it a place:—

It has been actually determined by accurate admeasurement that the degrees of latitude continually increase from the equator to the pole. Hence it was inferred that the axis, is less than the equatorial diameter, agreeably to *Newton's Theory*: but *St. Pierre*, a celebrated author, from the same data, comes to a contrary conclusion, and affirms that the axis of the earth is greater than the equatorial diameter.

He argues in the following manner: If two straight lines containing an angle of one degree be drawn from the centre of the earth to an arch of any meridian, it is evident that the arch of the meridian intercepted between these two straight lines will always be the greater, the farther it is from the centre, and conversely. But it has been determined by measurement that a degree of the meridian is greater near the pole than on the equinoctial; therefore the pole is farther from the centre than the equator.

Now I shall take it as a favor if any of your ingenious correspondents will shew us clearly on which side of this question the *truth* lies, and the precise mistake made by Newton or St. Pierre.

NOSCE TEIPSUM.

—⊙—

MR. M'DOWELL,

Although the following " Sketch of the thing called a Bachelor," has already appeared in print, your giving it a place in your paper, will oblige

A girl in her 'teens.

—

HE is a sort of whimsical being, which nature never intended to create; he was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment; what remains for the bachelor is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown; to avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients; so, in dame nature tosses self-love, without weight or measure; a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use; a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finished, a bachelor is popped into the world,

mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. His only business is to keep himself quiet; he gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender impressions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable dreams disturb his slumbers. If ever he speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favorite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellars abound; on such subjects he feels the raptures of a lover. The pace of a bachelor is sluggish; he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge! but shew him a woman who is intitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper or his laundress he can talk to without reserve; but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror. A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against bright eyes and dazzling complexions; here he lounges out half his days; at home, he sits down to his unsocial meal, and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify. Such is a bachelor! such the life of a bachelor! What becomes of him after death, I am not casuist enough to determine.

—⊛—

During the indisposition of the Editor several pieces signed J. T. were thrown into the Office door, with a request to have them published. On a mere cursory view it was not at that time discovered that that they were *plagiarisms*;—and having the appearance of merit they were allotted a place in the last Hive. As we are not certain that the deception was *wickedly* intended, we shall suppress language which we could readily appropriate. We merely publish the following "squib" from a facetious correspondent.

—

MR. M'DOWELL,

The Monkey improved upon, or John Thompson, junr. has arrived to the summit of glory. He now stands upon the pinnacle; and, in the attitude of Mercury, with the trumpet of fame, is sounding Pindars* productions as the flights of his own fancy. The sagacity of wisdom squints through his eyes, and the smile of self-approbation almost reaches his ears, being wonderfully long. If this ass should loose his presence of mind and begin to bray, every sound would vibrate on the sense and nearly petrify the world with astonishment. People would stand gazing like stuck pigs; the frogs and all the musical gentry would shut their brain-pans, and do nothing but wonder

NOTE.

* *Vide Pindars Cynthia, and observe the name altered for Julia in The Hive.*

Bozzy and Piozzi will lead to the cave where the toad might feel pleasant and cool.

Wonderful man! King Pippin was a great man; so was Giles Gingerbread, and so is our present plagiarist a phenomenon in nature. Moonacs hereafter shall make sundials; and Gilly Gaupys tell the time of the day; babboons and racoons turn pavers, and vanity pronounce the letter I. Yes, yes, *I* rung the bell says the sexton, when the parson was praised for preaching a good sermon.

—⊛—

A true List of a GRAND JURY, *taken before* JUDGE DODDERIDGE, *at the Assizes holden at* HUNTINGDON, *July* 1619.

—

MAXIMILIAN, *King* of Toseland.
Henry, *Prince* of Godmanchester.
George, *Duke* of Sommersham.
William, *Marquis* of Stukeley.
Edmund, *Earl* of Hartford.
Richard, *Baron* of Bythorn.
Stephen, *Pope* of Newton.
Stephen, *Cardinal* of Kimbolton.
Humphrey, *Bishop* of Bugden.
Robert, *Lord* of Waresley.
Robert, *Knight* of Winwick.
William, *Abbot* of Stukely.
Robert, *Baron* of St. Neot's.
William, *Dean* of Old Weston.
John, *Archdeacon* of Paxton.
Peter, *Esquire* of Easton.
Edward, *Fryer* of Ellington.
Henry, *Monk* of Stukeley.
George, *Gentleman* of Spaldwick.
George, *Priest* of Grafham.
Richard, *Deacon* of Catworth.
Thomas, *Yeoman* of Barham.

—

N. B. Judge *Dodderidge* having the circuit preceding this, found fault with the sheriff for empanelling men not qualified for the grand jury, the sheriff, being a merry man, resolved to fit the judge, with *sounds* at least. Calling over the above-said names emphatically, his lordship began to think he had, indeed, a *jury* of quality.

—⊛—

MAMMOTH.

Dr. William Goforth has discovered in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, the bones of an animal which appears to have been of a very extraordinary size. Its teeth weigh from four to twenty pounds each. One of its thigh bones weighs thirty-one pounds—Connected with these teeth and thigh bone, he has discovered the upper part of the head, and the lower jaw, together with all its virtibrae, the weight and dimensions of which are not mentioned —He has discovered three horns—one weighing about an hundred pounds, and twenty-one inches in circumference: another five feet in length, weighing twenty-one pounds, and the third, about seven feet in length. The Doctor expects to obtain such a number of these bones related to each other, as to form a complete skeleton.

INDIAN ENEMIES.

Some years since a respectable clergyman in Litchfield County, (Conn.) was reproving an old Indian for his cruel and revengeful conduct towards those who had offended him: "You should love your enemies (observed the parson) and preserve an affection for those that hurt you." "I do love my enemies, (retorted the sun of Nature) and have a great affection for them that hurt me" "no such thing, (returned the clergyman) you don't love your enemies." "I do" "Who are the enemies you love?" "Rum and cyder."

—⊛—

Honourable attachment and Fidelity.

—

A few years ago, a young man in England, of remarkably good sense and ingenuity, who having, by reason of a film over each eye, been blind from his birth, applied to a famed occulist for a cure. When the operator was about beginning his work, a worthy young lady, whom this blind man had engaged to marry him, was observed to be extremely agitated. The operator endeavoured to comfort her by a confident assurance of success. "I fear, replied the lady, that this very circumstance, with which you strive to comfort me, may undo me. My attachment is great, and I have cause to think that his affection for me is equally sincere: but he has never seen me, and, as I am not handsome, I am afraid, that, when he shall see me, he will cease to love me."

The event, however, happily proved otherwise: the operation succeeded, and, when the young man had recovered his sight, he still manifested an unabated fondness for this good girl, and soon after married her.

—⊛—

While the celebrated earl of Chesterfield was secretary of state, under King George the second, he applied to his majesty to appoint a man to fill a vacant office; when the king happened to be in a pet, said to him, "I care not who has the office, you may commission the Devil, if you please."—"Very well, replied Chesterfield, I suppose your majesty would have the commission begin in the usual form, "Our trusty and well beloved cousin."

Errata in our last.

In the piece signed Clio; line 21st from the bottom, for *exclaim*—read *proclaim.*

Line 6th from the bottom—for *valid*, read *invalid.*

To Correspondents.

"Thoughts on life, death and immortality," are received.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

SYMPATHETIC LINES,
On the misfortunes of a Friend.

AT my friend's fate I mourn, sincerely;
His sorrows pierce me to the heart.
Why have I friendship purchas'd dearly?
Or why so keenly feel the smart!

His woes are mine, their pow'r extending;
His anguish proves my tender love!
And every ill, on him descending,
Serves but affection's sway to prove.

Ofttimes, when on a rock reclining,
Near Conestogoe's pleasant shore,
I think, what folly is repining;
What service is it to deplore.

Yet nought can banish recollection,
Nor strength of mind its force impede;
And sullen-brooding, sad dejection,
Doth but too oft' with me succeed.

A.

FOR THE HIVE.

FRAGMENT I.

MORN smiles around; the sun with kindly beam
Gladdens the rural scene: The feather'd tribe
Carol their varied song of grateful joy:
Yet what to me the music of the grove,
The varied carol of the feather'd tribe!
Yet what to me the gorgeous lord of day,
Gladd'ning with kindly beam the rural scene?
Me no sun gladdens! and no man revives!
Arise, thou sun of ELIDURUS' soul,
With kindlier beam arise! In vain the wish!
My sun of happiness is ever set:
Lost———strangely lost is she, the faithful fair,
Whose voice was melody—whose look was love—
Whose touch was paradise—whose kiss was heav'n!
Dear emanation from the fount of bliss—
Queen of the graces—passion of the loves!
In elegance—in sentiment—in taste—
In wit—in sympathy with joy or woe—
In ev'ry loveliness alike supreme!
Deign once again to these sad, sorrowing eyes,
One partial smile:——Look but as thou wast wont,
When in the dimple of thy cherub-cheek
Affection lay. Speak! kindly speak! and chace
The fiend despair.——Fond, froward heart, no more!—
My sun of happiness is ever set;
And night—dark, mental night, alone is mine!

ELIDURUS.

FRAGMENT II.

BLEAK blows the hollow wind; and night, old night
Assumes her silent, solitary reign.
"The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the hill;"
Plays thro' the quiv'ring umbrage of the trees,
With beam capricious, on the yielding wave,
And sheds a lustre o'er the solemn scence:
Now nought is heard, save Philomela's plaints——
Melodious mourner! she from yonder thorn
Warbles such soft, such solemn-breathing sounds,
So querulously sweet, so sadly wild,
That all but "treason, stratagem and spoil,"
Delighted, listen, where 'tis heav'n to hear.
Is there not magic in these love-lorn notes,
These thrilling strains of agony supreme?
Yes, there *is* magic: sympathy of woe,
And more than sympathy, alas! is mine.
I mourn alike the death and life of love;
I mourn a blessing lost, a blessing gain'd.

ELIDURUS.

Humphry Gubbin's Courtship.

A courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May,
And when I came to her by Jove,
The devil a word I could say.

I ask'd her which way was the wind?
For I thought in some talk we must enter,
"Dear Sir" she answer'd and, grin'd,
"Have you thus sent your wits for a venture."

To an arbour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her,
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to go nigh her.

I then followed her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her,
But may I ne'er be worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I pressed her close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather,
Yet nothing I said I protest,
But "dem me 'tis very warm weather."

I walk'd with her into the house,
Where I vow'd I my passion would try,
But there I was mute as a mouse,
Oh! What a dull booby was I.

Man's Misfortune; or, the modern fine Lady—an epigram.

False rumps, false teeth, false hair, false faces,
Alas! poor man! how hard thy case is;
Instead of WOMAN, heavenly WOMAN'S charms
To clasp CORK—GUM—WOOL—VARNISH in thy arms.

MORALIST.

Education is a second creation; it improves nature, gives form, proportion, or grace to the rude choas of inherent materials; and is as requisite to enliven the latent powers, and to direct their exercise, as the statuary's skill to form from the block of marble a Venus de Medicis, or Olympian Jupiter.

The first lineaments of virtue to be drawn on the soul: a regard for truth; love, respect, and obedience to parents and teachers; a just sense of right and wrong, and of the dignity of human nature; a strict temperance; patriotism and universal humanity; diligence in business, and a deep sense of religion, and of the obligations and duties which it includes. It is necessary to teach the tyro, by proper example, that the peculiar excellency of his frame lies in the calm and undisturbed exercise of reason; a steady self-government; a just affection to all the proper objects of moral approbation; an active benevolence; and by this standard to correct false notions of honor, grandeur, pleasure, and popular applause.

QUICK THOUGHT.

The earl of Rochester, equally notee for his wit and profligacy, attempting when nearly drunk to help a fine lady out of her chariot, blundered and fell down. This blunder he instantly turned into a superlative compliment to the lady, exclaiming extempore:

By heav'ns! 'tis bravely done;
Thus to attempt *the Chariot of the Sun*,
And then to fall like Phæton.

A great weeks work.

A woman in the neighbourhood of Stapleton (whether widow or not, we are not informed) took two of her children to the work-house, buried her mother, married a husband, and was brought to bed, all in the course of a week.

BON MOT.

The Duke of Bedford, whose name was RUSSEL, falling into company with a poor ragged fellow of the same name, said to him "friend, is your coat of arms the same as mine?"—"As to our *arms*, replied the poor fellow, I belive they are very much alike, but there is a deal of difference between our *coats*.

MODERATION.

Moderatation is the dread of incurring that envy and contempt which attend such as are intoxicated by prosperity: it is a vain ostentation of the strength of the mind.—Moderation in an exalted station, is the desire of appearing superior to fortune.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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